

The Formula:

R
Is
For
Rhubarb.I
Is
For
Ipecac.P
Is
For
PeppermintA
Is
For
Aloes.N
Is
For
Nux VomicaS
Is
For
Soda.

No secret as to its formula. Ri-
pans is the tablet or solid form
of a very common prescription, ad-
vised and prescribed by doctors all
over the world as a cure for consti-
pation, indigestion, loss of appetite,
headache, pain in the side, dizzi-
ness, "full" feeling and other com-
mon ailments of the stomach and
bowels. Your physician would prob-
ably give you just such a prescrip-
tion if you went to him with any
of the above complaints. One will
relieve you. It will not cure you—
nor will two—a box will.

50c. Box, At All Druggists.

WHOLESALE: F. A. Tschiffely, 475 Pa. Ave., Wash., D. C.
E. S. Leadbeater & Son, Alexandria, Va.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

THE BOY OF THE LANTERN.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

(Copyright, 1895, by Joel Chandler Harris.)
"Of course," said Mr. Thimblefinger, "all
of you can tell better stories than I can,
because you are larger. Being taller, you
can see farther, and talk louder, but I
sometimes think that if I were to climb a
tree I'd see as far as any of you."

"Well, I hope your feelings are not hurt,"
remarked Mr. Rabbit, sympathetically. "It's
not the fault of your stories that I fall
asleep when you are telling them. It's my
habit to sit and read at certain hours of
the day, and if you'll watch me right close
you'll see that I sometimes drop off when
I'm telling a story myself. I'll try and
keep awake the next time you tell one."

"I'm afraid I'll have to prop Mr. Rabbit's
eyelids open with a straw," said Mrs.
Meadows, laughing.

"I'll just try you with a little one," Mr.
Thimblefinger declared. "I'll tell you one I
heard when I was younger. I want to see
whether Mr. Rabbit will keep awake and I
want to see whether there's a moral in the
tale."

So he took off his little hat, which was
shaped like a chimney, and ran his hand
over the feather ornament to straighten it
out. Then he began:
"A long time ago, when there was a
great deal more room in the country next
door than there is now, there lived a man
who had a wife, one son, a horse, a cow
and a calf. He was a hard-working man,
and he had little or no time to devote
to his family. He worked hard in the
field all day, and when night came he
was too tired to trouble much about his
wife, his son, his horse, his cow and his
calf. His wife, too, having no servant, was
always busy about the house, sewing,
washing, cooking, cleaning, patching, milking
and sweeping. Day and day out it was
always the same. The man was always
working, and the woman was always
working. They had no rest except on
Sunday, and then they were too tired to
pay much attention to their son."

"The consequence was that while the
boy was a very bright lad, he was full of
mischief, up to all sorts of tricks and
pranks that some people call meanness.
By hook or by crook—or maybe by book—he
had learned how to spell and read. But
the only book he had to read was one with
big pictures of men dressed in red clothes
and armed with yellow outlaws. This
book was called 'The Pirates of Peru.'"

"Maybe the name was 'The Pirates of
Peru,'" suggested Mr. Thimblefinger. "I
don't suppose any such country as Peru
had been found on the map when that
book was written. But never mind about
that. The boy read only that book, and he
became rather wild in his mind. He wanted
to be a pirate, whatever that was, and
so he armed himself with old hoe helms
and called them pikes, and he tied a shingle
to his side and called it a cutlass, and he
got him a broom handle and called it a
saber."

"This boy's name was Johnny, but some-
times they called him Jack for short. Some
people said he was mean as he could be;
but I don't say that. He was fonder of
scampering over the country than he was
of helping his mother."

He went on and on, until finally, when he
looked back to look around, he found him-
self in a part of the country that was new
to him. This caused him to dry his eyes,
for he was perfectly sure that he had trav-
eled neither fast nor far enough to be be-
yond the limits of the numberless journeys
he had made in all directions from his
father's house, and yet there he was, sud-
denly and without knowing how he got
there, in a country that was altogether new
to him.

"It was just like when you came down
through our spring gate," said Mr. Thim-
blefinger. "The grass was different and the
trees were different, and even the sand
had never been before. Suddenly, while he
was wondering how he could have missed
seeing all these strange things when he had
seen them so far as any of you."

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but I don't say that. He was fonder of
scampering over the country than he was
of helping his mother."

"He felt so bad that he wandered off into
the woods, crying as he went. His eyes
were so full of tears that he couldn't see
where he was going, and he didn't care.

thought about it until he forgot all about
his grief. He noticed that as soon as his
father drank the milk he began to smile
at the woman. He smiled at the woman,
but was cross to Johnny.

"After supper the woman went out, and
after a while Johnny went out, too,
leaving his father sitting by the fire
smoking his pipe. Johnny went to the lot,
thinking the woman had gone there. He
wanted to see whether she would milk the
cow. He crept alongside of the fence, and
the gravel were of color that Johnny had
never seen before. Suddenly, while he
was wondering how he could have missed
seeing all these strange things when he had
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mal through the bushes. It seemed to have
one eye only and that eye shone as fiercely
as a flame of fire, as its head away from
side to side. It came rushing to the pop-
lar tree where Johnny stood, and stopped
there. Johnny peeped from behind the tree
and saw that the frightful animal was
nothing more than his cow, with a tiny
lantern hanging on her horn. She stood
there parting and trembling, Johnny wait-
ed to see if the keeper of the cows that
room in the night would make her appear-
ance, but he waited in vain. Then he drove
the cow home, turned her in the lot and
went in the house to get his supper. His
father and mother were sitting very close
together.

"You see how good I am to you, sister,"
said the woman. "Now I want you to
be good to me. When that boy Jack
goes after you to the pasture I want you
to lead him a chase. I saw him beating
your calf today. But see how good I am
to your calf, sister. I let it have all the
milk."

"The cow shook her horn and switched
her tail, and Johnny, sitting in the fence
corner, wondered what it all meant.

"I see," said the cow, after a while.
"You want to marry the boy's father and
the boy is in the way. But suppose they
find you out. What then?"

"Sister, trust me for that," said the
woman; "trust me for that."

"Johnny waited to hear no more, but
crept away and went to bed. He was
dressed and out by sun up next morning,
but the woman was up before him and
had breakfast nearly ready. Johnny
asked her if she had milked the cow, and
she replied that she had forgotten about
it. Johnny saw the milk pail sitting on the
shelf, and when he looked at it he
knew the cow had not been milked, else
the sides of the pail would have been
spattered.

"But the cow had been turned out, and
the calf was sleeping contentedly in the
fence corner, instead of nibbling the grass.
Johnny drank no milk at breakfast, but
his father did and smiled at the woman
more than ever. During the day Johnny
forgot all about the cow, but when night
came, he knew she must be brought up,
so he went to the pasture after her. She
was not to be found. He hunted over the
hills and fields, and then, not finding her,
began to cry.

"Suddenly the lady he had seen the day
before stepped out of the wood and spoke
to him. She held in her hand a tiny lan-
tern.

"Take this," she said, holding out the
lantern.
"You wouldn't call me, and so I came
to you."
"I forgot," whispered Johnny.
"Don't forget any more," said the lady.
"Take this lantern and run to the whis-
pering poplar that stands on the hill. You'll
find your cow tied there. Drive her home
and don't spare her."

"Johnny took the cow tied to the poplar
sure enough and made her gallop home
as fast as she could. He blew out his tiny
lantern before he got in sight of the house,
but it dropped from his hand and he could
not find it. He went to the pasture after
her, and after a while, and drove the cow to
the house where the woman was waiting.

"Go get your supper," she said to
Johnny.
"Yes'm," replied Johnny, but he went
off only to creep back to see what the
woman would do. He could see she was
angry.
"She abused the cow terribly. 'You are
a nice sister,' she exclaimed, 'to let that
boy bring you home so early.'"
"Don't sister me," moaned the cow.
"I'm nearly famished and that boy has
nearly run me off my legs. Somebody that
I couldn't see caught me and tied me to
a tree this morning and there I've been
all day. We'd better go away from here.
That boy will find you out yet."

Her snowy white bosom, her snowy white
bosom—
Five yards to pin on her snowy white bo-
som.
And five to tie in her hair.

"I have a lantern to light her along
with."
To light her along with, to light her along
with—
I have a lantern to light her along with.
When forth she fares in the night;
Out in the dark, the ribbon will rustle—
The ribbon will rustle, the ribbon will
rustle—
Out in the dark the ribbon will rustle,
And the lantern will lend her its light!

"Johnny threw the blue ribbon over the
woman's shoulder and, instantly the
woman disappeared, and in her place stood
the cow. Before the people could recover
from their surprise the lady that Johnny had
seen at the whispering poplar came into
the room and bowed to the company."

"This is the most malicious cow in all
my herd," said she, "and this brave boy
has caught her. Here is a purse of gold
for the cow. As for you, sir, turning
to Johnny's father, 'You may thank your
son for saving you from this witch.' Then
she bowed again, and went away, leading
the cow, and none of them was ever
seen in that country again."

"But to this day, when people see a light
bobbing up and down in the fields at night,
they say, 'Yonder's Jack of the Lantern!'"

The Patent Baby Washer.

Mothers, read this.

A most useful invention for nursery use,
called a "baby washer," is announced, and
the inventor describes his infant machine
as follows:

You simply insert the begrim'd infant
in an office, which can be made any re-
quired size by turning for four minutes a
cog wheel with electrical attachments. The
child glides down a highly polished plane.
His lips are met at the terminus by an
India rubber tube, from which the infant
can draw lactical nourishment of the purest
kind, with an electroplated combined
most invigorating character, secured
for the special purpose at great expense
from a choice breed of the Alderney cow.

While in this compartment, which is
plate glass, mirrored, the perturbed spirit
of the infant is soothed by its frantic
efforts to demolish its own image, reflected
in the glass, with an electroplated com-
bined tooth cutter, nail knife, rattle and
hammer, which is thrust into the baby's
hand by an automaton monkey.

Fatigued by its destructive efforts, the
infant falls to sleep, while the organ at-
tachments play softly the rousing melody
of "My Little Bed." Then it slips into
the third compartment. Here the body is
washed. Another small tube
administers a dose of soothing sirup, and
the infant glides from the machine, its
rails pared and its hair combed.

Society and Lying.

From the London Times.

HARE AUTOGRAPHS.

A Volume in the Senate Literally
Worth its Weight in Gold.

Chicago Record's Washington Letter.

In the office of the Secretary of the Sen-
ate is a volume of autographs that is as
rare and interesting as any in America. As
is well known, all of the official communi-
cations from the President to the Senate
from the beginning of this government are
preserved, and Gen. Anson M. Cook, when
secretary of the Senate, selected a few of
the greatest historical interest and had
them bound in red morocco covers. They
are all executive documents, and all but
one are nominations to office. That one is
a message from the President of the United
States, and reads as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Senate—The President
of the United States will meet the mem-
bers of the Senate in the Senate chamber
at 11:30 o'clock to advise with them on the
terms of the treaty to be negotiated with
the southern Indians."

"New York, Aug. 21, 1783."

Another interesting document, in the
handwriting of the second President of the
United States, is the following:

"Gentlemen of the Senate—I nominate
George Washington of Mount Vernon to be
Lieutenant General and Commander-in-
Chief of all armies raised and to be raised
in the United States. JOHN ADAMS.
The United States, July 2, 1783."

In the same penmanship appears the fol-
lowing, which is the resignation of John
Adams as Secretary of the United States
to the King of Prussia.

"JOHN ADAMS.
The United States, May 20, 1797."

In addition to these are the nominations
of Jefferson's cabinet and Madison's, which
are written in his own handwriting on a
single sheet of paper. The nomination of
the Monroe cabinet and that of John
Quincy Adams are also preserved, as well
as that of Andrew Jackson, who wrote all
his nominations with his own hand. Next
comes the nomination of Roger B. Taney
to be chief justice of the United States in
the well-known penmanship of "Old Hick-
ory." The nominations of every cabinet
from Jackson down to Cleveland are pre-
served. Those of William Henry Harrison
and Polk are in their own handwriting. A
curious paper is Andrew Johnson's nomi-
nation of Gen. Grant to be general of the
army. It was written by a clerk on a sheet
of ordinary legal paper with a blank
place in which Grant's name was inserted
by Johnson himself. The list of Grant's
cabinet was made out the same way. A
clerk had taken a sheet of foolscap and
written "nominate" to be Secretary
of State, etc., and the blank was
filled out in Gen. Grant's own hand. One
of the papers reads as follows:

The Senate-I nominate William T.
Sheridan to be general of the army of the
United States in place of Ulysses S. Grant,
resigned.
Sheridan's nomination was by Ulysses S.
Grant, and he accompanied this, and was made
on the same date and in the same form.
The nomination of President Hayes' cabi-
net was made out on printed blanks, a
sheet for each one, as are those of Presi-
dents Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland. The
last paper in the book is the nomination of
Gen. Grant to the retired list of the army,
and it is signed by Grover Cleveland.

PART IN THE HAIR.

A Change in the Style of Arranging
Woman's Locks.

From the New York Herald.

After years of struggling with curl pa-
pers, crimping irons and all sorts of de-
vices to make straight hair curly, it is
now the fashion to have smooth, well-kept,
demurely parted hair, and a difficult mat-
ter it is to change it back again, as every
truthful woman has in reality much more
troublesome to attain than curls and frises,
for the natural gloss of the hair and the
desired smooth look can only be at-
tained by careful and long continued
brushing, which few women who have not
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